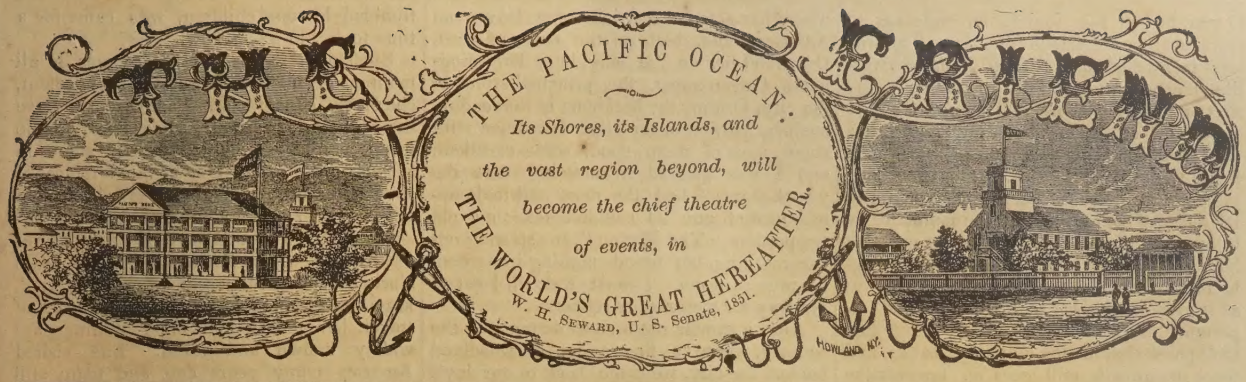
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast region beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.

New Series, Vol. 28, No. 2.} HONOLULU, FEBRUARY 1, 1879. {Old Series, Vol. 36.

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For February 1, 1879.

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THE FRIEND.

FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

CAPT. BREWER.—We are glad to welcome once more in Honolulu, a merchant whose honorable mercantile life, extending over a period of more than half a century, has been most intimately associated with the commerce of the Sandwich Islands. During this long period he has been a member of the house of C. Brewer & Co. His first arrival here, in 1823, anti-dates, we believe, that of any foreigner now residing upon the islands. He was present, in 1824, when Kamehameha II. sailed for England, and there were gathered fifteen thousand Hawaiians to witness His Majesty's embarkation. It is an interesting fact, that an English lady, Mrs. Taylor, is now residing in London, who was the first foreign lady arriving and residing in Honolulu, aside from the families of the American Mission. Mrs. Taylor is now about eighty-six years old, and her cheery and sprightly letters are frequently received at Honolulu by her correspondent, Mrs. Armstrong. Capt. Brewer can relate many pleasing incidents of those "olden times" when Kaahumanu, Boki, Kinau, and many other Hawaiian Chiefs were in their glory.

☞ Since writing our book notice of Prof. Hitchcock's "Socialism," we have met with the following from Rev. Joseph Cook, in his lecture, published in the *Boston Advertiser* of Dec. 26, 1878:

"Professor Hitchcock, of New York, has just published on Socialism a book fit to take the rank of a classic in the literature on this topic."

Stranger's Friend Society.

So many have been the calls upon the Society that the fund for current expenses has been entirely exhausted. Donations are much needed, and may be forwarded to Mrs. S. E. Bishop, Treasurer, or to the President, Mrs. Damon. By the last mail a letter was received by the Editor from the mother of a young Englishman, residing in Birkenhead, who some weeks since was aided by the ladies and his funeral expenses defrayed by their Society. She writes under date of December 28, 1878:

"SIR: With feelings of respect and thankfulness I address you, out of the fullness of a sorrowful mother's heart. You may well imagine my feelings when I heard of the death of my dear son—my support for a living, having lost his father and another son, a young man 23 years of age. I am sorry to tell you I am a destitute widow, with one little boy left. Tell the good ladies that I hope and trust they will have a reward in heaven. And you, sir, was most good and kind to behave so kindly to my dying boy in a strange land, far from home. It makes me more resigned when I know he had such attendance on his dying bed."

The following note was left by a passenger sailing this week on the *Murray*, for San Francisco. The grateful man was a member of the Society of Friends, and had been assisted by the Ladies. We might readily add other similar testimonials if we had the room:

HONOLULU, Jan. 23d, 1879.

President and Members of the Ladies' S. F. Society of Honolulu: I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for the assistance you have rendered me. I feel indebted to you for placing me under the treatment of a physician (Dr. McKibbin at the Queen's Hospital) who, I believe, preserved my sight, the most precious of all the five senses, and which I would as soon die as part with. But words cannot express my gratitude; so no more.

Gratefully yours, J. W. WICKS.

☞ We are glad to welcome Mr. Sit Moon and wife, and trust they will become eminently useful among their countrymen on the Islands.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 25

A Few Weeks in Scandinavia—No. 4.

STOCKHOLM, THE "VENICE OF THE NORTH."

Stockholm is a delightful surprise! I had anticipated much, I found more. Some have seen fit to call it the "Venice of the North," finding in this Scandinavian capital some sisterhood of resemblance to the fair city which is the glory of the Adriatic, and the European traveler cannot fail at times to be reminded in his visit here of Geneva on Lake Leman, and others might find still further likeness to other cities and scenes which have in former days charmed and delighted them. But while one at a distance may find a certain suggestive helpfulness in the mention of such resemblances, yet after all a picture thus painted is far from satisfactory. Stockholm is not Venice, is not Geneva! but Stockholm—a city which cannot fail to delight and interest every new comer by the beauty of its situation and the brilliancy and activity of its life. I have seen beautiful cities, but this Swedish capital is, I think, the most beautiful my eyes ever rested on. Our approach to the city was from Lake Mälar, of the exquisite natural beauty of which I have already made some mention. The afternoon sun lighted the city with all the radiance of the ripened summer days of a late August. Before us rose the spires and domes of the capital. Towering above all the other edifices appeared the massive bulk of the Royal Palace; to the right and left of this, church spires, among them one shooting like a winged arrow heavenward, so delicate, so light and etherial was it in the symmetry of its gothic mould. From the sea the approach to the city is said to be still finer, a view of which I may speak later on. It is perhaps the presence of blue gleaming arms of water, encircling and embracing the city proper and its suburbs, which renders Stockholm so especially picturesque. The Swedish capital lies on Lake Mälar, and an arm of the Baltic, so that at this point the salt waves of this stormy northern sea are wedded to the sweet, still waters of this lovely inland lake. The city has with time divided itself into three principal divisions—the *Norrmalm*, then Old Stockholm or *Staden*, and lastly *Södermalm*. Of necessity these must be largely unmeaning names

to you, but on this foundation endeavor to recreate from a distance the city. The waters mentioned above form a broad river-like expanse, and on the two banks lie the first and last divisions just named, and between on an island, joined by bridges, lies the crowded, busy Old Stockholm. This forms the body of the city, but on every side are projecting arms of land, half or complete islands also connected with the mainland by bridges, so that the city is a net-work of land and water. In its earliest days Stockholm was confined to the central island, but as it grew in number of inhabitants and importance, it overflowed its narrow limits and took possession of the adjoining banks, and there the growth still goes on towards the green forests which skirt the suburbs.

The city's history goes back six or seven centuries, having been founded by the renowned Birgerfarl and his son, King Magnus Ladulos. In the old portion of the city there are still reminders of ancient days. Some of the streets are narrow, bordered with high houses, but on the whole there is comparatively little in the way of picturesque antiquity to attract the visitor. The central point of the city is the Royal Palace, which is most admirably situated. It is an enormous edifice, perhaps as beautiful architecturally as it is possible for such a huge building to be. The Royal Family were absent from the capital, at the time we chanced to be there, so that a good opportunity was afforded us of seeing the Palace. But European palaces come to be sadly monotonous after you have seen several, there is a vastness about them, a wearisome sameness, a monotony of gilding and mythological frescoes, of royal portraits, historical paintings, antiquated and fading tapestries, and so on ad infinitum. I was however interested in the apartments occupied by the Crown Prince and his younger brothers, which were furnished appropriately but with comparative simplicity; there was enough of homelikeness about them to render them attractive, but still the warmth and "coziness" which brightens the homes of many boys, not of royal birth, was lacking here. But the views from the palace are the most interesting. On one side, looking past the splendid portal with its guardian lions in stone, is a fine and inspiring scene. At this point a noble bridge connects the sundered banks, and beyond lie some of the finest buildings of the city—the Grand Hotel, the finest hotel in Scandinavia, the Museum of Art, palaces and public buildings. Leaving now for a little while the general let me give you a few notes from my journal.

Saturday morning, Aug. 24th.—Surely some good angel, guardian spirit of travelers, has brought us to this quiet "Hotel de Suede," where we have our pleasant rooms, with coffee in the morning and are at liberty after that to seek luncheon, dinner and tea wherever we may see fit. The maid who cares for our rooms has all the quiet dignity and sweet comeliness of a New England farmer's daughter. I am irresistibly reminded in the self-possessed but modest manner, in the full, rich womanliness of this Scandinavian maiden, of that type of earnest, noble womanhood, which has been the boast and pride of New England and which has acted as a wholesome leaven on American life, both in the east and west. Our hotel lies on the long, busy Drottninggatan, Queen street, the principal street of the city, forming the backbone of the leading business portion of the city. It is lined with shops, most of them good, some excellent, and I was pleased in noticing that the "book-stores" had the most well-to-do appearance of any. I couldn't resist my old temptation "The Market" in starting out this morning, but found nothing in particular to reward me. I must wait till I get to Norway for picturesque scenes.

After a ramble out a short distance in the country, where a fine sweep of woodland borders the city, we came back to our day's work of sight-seeing. As we stood at the head of the Drottninggatan, we were charmed with the splendid view which faced us at the close of the long, narrow vista of this thoroughfare. The domes and spires of the old city gleamed in the sunshine and against the blue of a northern sky. And with what a glorious blue these northern skies robe themselves, clear, intense, perhaps scarcely warm enough in tint, but full of a marvelous strength and purity, rejoicing in an infinite, passionless peace!

Along this street are several exhibitions of Scandinavian antiquities, and we found the one which we visited extremely interesting and helpful in bringing the past of Sweden before us. Several Swedish girls in peasant costume, (brilliant under-dresses and aprons, trim bodices, and closely fitting little caps, framing round good humored faces) who acted as guardians of the exhibition, aided much in this revival of the past. Not far away from here is the Academy of Natural Science. The renowned botanist, Linnaeus, was the first president of the Scientific Society of Stockholm. Sweden glories in some of the greatest names in science. In the vestibule of the academy we saw a huge meteorite brought here in 1871 from Greenland, the largest meteoric fragment in the world. One would scarcely believe seeing it now restfully placed, that it had had such a wild and tumultuous career. What a singular, absorbing fascination there is in such dumb stony fragments, the only material, tangible possessions which we have from a sphere without our own! One clings to them as the first step towards further knowledge, towards a fuller answer to those restless, passionate questionings which men throw out into the mysteries of the infinite space in which we float. At the end of a side street is the Adolph-Friederichs Church where is a monument to the great philosopher Descartes, who died in Stockholm and was buried here, but whose remains were taken to France in 1616. I was charmed with the sunlit, tree shadowed graveyard or church yard which surrounded the church and where at the still noon-time, little groups of people or stray individuals were seated on the benches under the trees, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do. I have seen this also about other churches in Scandinavia, and it has pleased me much. The church doors were open and we could look up towards the altar and pulpit, and down the aisles, and the old church seemed to keep a kind of motherly watch over its glad and sad, thoughtless and troubled human children, who came for a time to rest in its shadow.

Stockholm rejoices in fine schools, in all manner of public institutions, benevolent, charitable, educational. There seem to have been earnest, working souls here at the north, who have tried to do their share in lifting up the race. One of the foremost of these, one whose name should ever be spoken with a tender love and reverence was *Frederika Bremer*, who labored so truly for her native land. Miss Bremer died some years since, a noble specimen of a great hearted, large souled Swedish woman. Her books of travel, her novels and other writings are widely known and loved. She visited America many years ago, and many still read with pleasure her thoughts and observations on America, embodied in her "Homes of the New World." She was especially desirous of advancing all that tends to noble, national progress, especially in relation to woman's work, education and position. She was anxious for a large, broad, generous charity in matters of life and religion, and was one who looked as few can or will do into the *heart* of things, a brave, true, most womanly woman. I write with enthusiasm. For out of the memories of other days, I think with especial fondness of those with whom I read everything which pertained to the sights and scenes of this old world, which Miss Bremer's glowing, eloquent descriptions put so strikingly before me. And hence it was a pleasure for me to come where she had once lived, even though she was gone.

I might weary you should I endeavor to give anything like a detailed account of the various public buildings which the stranger here visits. But I should feel as if I had omitted a very important point should I fail to mention the church where Gustavus Adolphus rests, the Riddarholmskyrkan. The church is no longer used for divine service, but is changed into a royal mausoleum. It is rather cold, lonely and cheerless. Thousands of naval and battle flags are festooned on the sides of the nave, from which lead burial chapels to right and left. From all others we turn with greatest interest to the chapel where are the remains of the great *Gustavus Adolphus*, the greatest name in Swedish history. The chapel is in the gothic style. A plain but handsome marble sarcophagus contains the body, and beneath the window is placed this inscription in Latin—"*In angustiis intravit. Pietatem amavit. Hostes prostravit. Regnum dilatavit. Svecos exaltavit. Oppressos liberavit. Moriens triumphavit.*"

From the time of Gustavus began a new epoch for Sweden, and this far northland entered as one of the leading powers into the field of European politics and statesmenship. The history of this King is pregnant with interest to all who enter into the study of the exciting days in which he lived. He fell in battle by Liepsig in 1632, while valiantly pushing forward the protestant crusade which he had left his own realm to accomplish. Beside those of Gustavus Adolphus are here placed the remains of other sovereigns of his line, and here too rests the Prussian Princess Louise Ulrika, sister of Frederick the Great, who was married to a Swedish King of this family. In

this mausoleum is also a chapel for the Bernadotte family, of which the present reigning King of Norway and Sweden is a member. It may not be uninteresting in closing our visit to this royal mausoleum of Sweden, to glance at the history of the remarkable man to whom the Scandinavian Peninsula owes so large a debt of gratitude, and who was so instrumental in introducing a better state of political affairs for these sister countries. It is difficult for the traveler of the present day who visits Scandinavia, finding here almost a realization of the old dream of a golden age of peace and universal concord, to realize that for centuries this region has been disturbed by wars, great and petty, by jealous feuds and rivalries. Thankful should we be that we are permitted to see the dawn of a better day, which all lovers of peace and national harmony cannot fail to pray, may grow brighter and brighter to a full and settled radiance. King followed King in rapid succession. The country was disturbed by discord at home and wars without. Finally inasmuch as the regular line had become, or promised to become extinct, a successor to the Swedish throne was sought in the person of Prince Christian August, of Augustenburg, but his death rendered a further choice necessary and the French Marshal Bernadotte was elected as Crown Prince under the name of Carl Johann. As I find the outline of his history sketched, I give it in the briefest manner possible. With the arrival of Bernadotte began a new era for Swedish politics. In order to make amends for the loss of Finland, he determined to unite Norway and Sweden in one country, and threw himself, with this object in view, into the midst of European politics. As an ally of Russia had he already in 1812 fully broken with his old Emperor. In 1813 he entered Germany with 30,000 Swedes and took part in the campaign of that year. After the battle of Liepsig he led a portion of his army to Holstein, where, in the "Peace of Kiel," he induced the Danish Norwegian King Frederick VI. to cede the Kingdom of Norway to Sweden. But Norway failed to acknowledge this "Peace," and the parliament assembled at Eidsvold and chose Prince Christian Frederick as King. Accordingly, Karl Johann was forced to make war upon his future subjects. This, however, was of an unimportant nature, and on the 4th of Nov. 1814, after that Christian Frederick had renounced the Norwegian throne—followed the union of the two Kingdoms—as two independent realms, under one King. Since this union, Norway and Sweden have taken an honorable place among European Powers. Wisely, however, have their successive Sovereigns devoted themselves to the wiser improvement of their peninsular, and have refrained, with slight exceptions, from meddling in the ever unsettled state of European politics. Under this new regime, the progress which the countries have made is worthy of all commendation, and a bright future seems to lie before them. Of the present state of affairs in Norway and Sweden I may take occasion to speak more fully at another time. Karl Johann reigned from 1818 to 1843. Oscar I. died in 1859, Karl XV. in 1872, and the present King of Sweden and Norway, (or as the good people of Norway say) of Norway and Sweden is the talented and much loved Oscar II. The Crown Prince is just entering upon the years of his young manhood.

STOCKHOLM AS A SUMMER CITY.

Stockholm, from the brilliancy of its life—the fondness of its citizens for pleasure—and the gay and animated and light-hearted appearance of its people, has been called, "The Paris of the North." And certainly there is much—in miniature—to recall Paris and Parisian life here. The French, perhaps owing to the fact largely, that the present Dynasty is of French extraction, seem to be most popular here; and may have influenced to some degree, the tastes and life of this people. But the resemblance arises, I think, from certain inherent traits of character which seem to mark the Swedes, and which it is surprising to notice, are so largely lacking in the Norwegians. In entering Norway we shall be constantly struck, I imagine, not simply by the striking differences between the natural features of the two countries, but also between the two peoples who inhabit them. We saw Stockholm in the full brilliancy of its summer life, and I must confess it surpassed anything I had anticipated. In the evenings the whole city seemed to be on the streets or in gardens; it was like one continuous fete. Was it not possible that we had mistaken the latitude? Could it be that not so very far away from the frozen heart of the north was all this warmth and music and gaiety? For the time the whole city seemed like some wonderful tropical exotic which had been brought here from the south, and must die with the coming of winter! One of the dearly loved places of rendezvous of the Stockholm people is the Zoological Garden, a verdant, cool, inviting place. Here are summer theatres, large restaurants, and amusements of all kinds. The garden is reached by land, or better by taking a little steamer and crossing one of the bays of blue water which, in summer time, are alive with pleasure parties. Here you meet crowds from the city, who seem as light-hearted and gay as if sorrow and trouble and human pain had no abiding place at the north. Coming home this evening from the garden, the Parisian tone of the life here was more than ever manifest. We passed one crowded summer garden, brilliantly illuminated, where some band of music was flooding the evening air with melody, only to find another just before us. It was like a gorgeous fairy land. Lights glowed in the shadows of the dense summer foliage, and mirrored themselves in the countless dancing ripples of the ever present water, which, like some glittering form of mysterious life, made itself manifest. And the language and manners of the people only add to these scenes an intense animation. From these northern lips comes an unceasing flow of often times very musically accented words. They speak with rapidity, with an ease and delicate intonation which I have found most pleasing.

Another favortte place of resort, and I single this out from many others, is the Moseback, a famous restaurant, from which a superb view is obtained of the city and its environs. I shall not soon forget the delightful sun-set hour which I spent there the first evening I was in Stockholm. The whole city was spread out like a map before us; the towering palace; the many spires and buildings of the city; the clustering masts of the shipping. In the west, as the bright light of the August day died away, glowed a soft crimson radiance; contrasting with the grey clouds of smoke which still gathered over portions of the city, evidence of toil and labor. To the west stretched far away the blue, deeply blue waters which lead to the outer sea, (a wonderfully inspiring view) over which came the fresh air of the evening. I was reminded in this westward view, of the Hudson; though here was lacking the breadth and majestic sweep of that most beautiful river.

All over the city are scattered public gardens or open squares, in the centre of which are set statues, or fountains. The recently completed library is a noble building, and the art museum is an ornament to the city. I was especially interested in paintings by Scandinavian artists. The unique life of this northern world, the wonderfully grand beauty of its scenery, its old poetic, half-savage mythology, the stirring incidents which have marked its historic growth, are inspiration enough for generations of artists and poets. And it is most pleasant to see that native artists have felt the power and grandeur of their Fatherland, and have been able, in some degree, to put before us the "spirit" and essence of this wild northern poesy. I remember one grand, stirring picture, The Descent of Thor, his chariot drawn by wild, long-horned goats, brandishing his almighty, all-conquering "hammer," a strange picture, painted in lurid colors, And then in pleasing contrast to this, a smaller painting, than which for delicacy of conception and finish, I think I have never seen anything finer. At a distance it seemed simply to represent the bosom of a quiet lake, in the moonlight, over which float soft, grey mists. On closer examination, however, I found that the mist took on the guise of floating female, fairy forms, that looked through this almost imperceptible, yet ever present, shadowy veil, that the water mirrored others looking downward, and that from the low-lands by the lake-side, rose a spirit-band towards the silver moon. It was a marvelously delicate, imaginative, weird painting, and I shall rarely ever see mist clouds hanging over river or lake without thinking of what they may possibly contain. In the same building, with its fine collections of paintings and sculpture, are very interesting historical collections for the relic hunter; all manner of reminders of the Sovereigns of Sweden. They have here the horse even, stuffed and preserved, on which the great Gustavus rode the day he fell by Liepsig.

Sunday, Aug. 25th.—We have been to one of the Stockholm churches this morning. All through Scandinavia we find the churches crowded, and the congregations seem most devout. The Lutheran creed is that of the Swedish church. The ritual here is, I notice, quite elaborate. The chanting and responses by the choir were finely rendered. The altar with altar-painting and the pulpit were gorgeous with heavy gilding, and the sunlight so flooded the church that on the whole it was rather dazzling. From the

midst of this gilded glory, rose the form of the clergyman, his plain black gown and snowy, ecclesiastical ruff contrasting markedly with his resplendent surroundings. The sermon was long, but seemed to be followed with close attention by the congregation. We experienced this morning another of those thoughtful little attentions which are so grateful to a traveler. As we were standing in the aisle with many others, waiting until the time when those not owning pews could be given seats, a little uncertain exactly what to do, a courteous old gentleman in a seat near by, came to our rescue. Evidently we must have looked like strangers, though in the great church all present could not have been known to him. At any rate he invited us in the kindest manner to take seats with him, wrote out for us the preacher's name, making us forget that we *were* strangers. From his card which he kindly passed us at the close of the service, I learned that he was a Swedish nobleman attached to the court. I shall probably not have the pleasure of meeting him again, but it is pleasant to think that so much of courtly politeness still lingers in the world. *Noblesse oblige!*

This afternoon have had a most delicious ramble out to one of the headlands, which fronts the blue bay. In all this fair world no brighter, gladder sunshine this afternoon shone, than over this rarely beautiful queen of northern cities.

To-morrow we visit Upsala, the old university town of Sweden; of our visit there and further rambles more another time. Good-night, with greetings from the north star to the southern cross.

F. W. Damon.

Letter from Vice-Admiral Prevost.

Some weeks ago it was our privilege to receive a letter from Admiral Prevost. We take the liberty of copying that portion which relates to mission work among the Indians in the North-west, or rather on Vancouver's Island:

"S.S. California, passage from Sitka to Victoria. B. C., July 15, 1878.

My Dear Mr. Damon: If you have forgotten me, I have not forgotten you, though nearly twenty-five years have told their tale since we met in your beautiful Island, when I commanded H. M. steamer *Virago*. * * * *

"This note will be delivered to you by Capt. McIntyre, who is a fellow-passenger, who will give you some account of the beautiful scenery we are passing here. I should like much to revisit your Island, had I spare time, having very pleasant reminiscences of my visit to it; but I am obliged to return to Europe as soon as I can. I left England to visit a much-loved son, his wife and children, living at Victoria. After my arrival there I went north to visit Mitlakattla, an Indian village, where God has done such a work that it is "marvelous in our eyes." He has blessed in a wonderful way the labors of a devoted servant—William Duncan—who went amongst the Tsinschila tribes of Northern Indians in 1859. I spent a month there, and I rejoice to tell to others what the preaching of the simple Gospel has done for the most debased of heathens. It may encourage you and other faithful servants of Christ to persevere and labor on faithfully, with faith in God and His promises, never doubting. All things are possible with God, and He has shown His power in taming cannibals and dog-eaters, and in making use of them to carry the glad tidings of salvation harmlessly to other tribes who formerly would have murdered them. I know you have difficulties, perhaps greater than most of God's workers, but His promise to Joshua, "Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest," is still as binding as it was 3,500 years ago, and will ever continue so. Therefore let us comfort one another with these words, and be on the watch tower, watching and praying till He comes.

"Ever believe me yours faithfully in Christ,

"James C. Prevost, Vice-Admiral.

Many of our readers may not be aware that English missionaries are laboring successfully among the Indians of the North-west coast. It was among them that the Rev. A. C. Garrett, now Bishop of Northern Texas, labored for several years. His visit at Honolulu, in 1860, and his addresses and preaching in the Bethel and Fort Street Churches will not surely have been forgotten by those who listened to his eloquent appeals. Some will remember his address in the Bethel on the subject of Temperance, when most unexpectedly to many present he left the pulpit, and in the presence of the audience signed the total abstinence pledge. Ten years afterwards we met him in San Francisco, and he was still the advocate of temperance. Frequently we see notices of his labors in Texas.

Hilo Chinese Colporteur.

Hilo, Hawaii, Jan. 20th, 1879.

Brother Damon:—Yours introducing Wong E, was handed to me by himself on his arrival. Thanks for your interest in getting him here.

He has taken hold well, and I am better pleased with him, in some respects, than I have been with any of our more *scholarly* Chinese Colporteurs.

We shall see that he is furnished with rooms suitable for his work.

Our Sabbath School (foreign) are to buy him a "Colporteur Horse," to be kept and used for this work; and we hope soon to have him provided for in that respect.

I hope he may do much good. He finds a number of Chinese in this region whom he knew in California. One of them was a member, it seems, of Mr. Gibson's Church there,—Methodist Chinese Mission. There is a large Chinese element throughout this district, and the prospect is, that there will be more before there are less.

The Christian Chinese at Papaikou Plantation, hold on their way remarkably well. They show that they have the root of the matter in them. Ever, yours truly,

A. O. Forbes.

A New Church Organized at Makawao, Maui, January 5th, 1879.

The foreign population, resident at Makawao, and Haiku, Maui, have at last attained the realization of the hopes and plans and efforts of many years. On the first Sabbath of the present year, a church of eighteen members was duly formed, and its organization perfected with appropriate services. Rev. T. H. Rouse, formerly of Jamestown, N. Y., more recently of San Mateo, California, having received an invitation to take the pastoral over-sight of the foreign community, went to Makawao in March last. The parsonage was secured for him, and his family joined him in June. He preached on alternate Sabbaths at Makawao and Haiku. Measures were immediately begun, looking to the formation of an independent church. With great unanimity a brief, yet comprehensive confession of faith, was prepared with a covenant for the admission of members. These preliminary matters being duly settled, the first Sunday in January was appointed for the public services, and some simple rules for the government of the church. Rev. T. H. Rouse preached the sermon, pertinent to the occasion, on the "Objects arrived at in the Organization of a Church." The ministers resident at Honolulu had been invited to attend, but their duties in connection with the Week of Prayer in their own churches prevented them from being present. The veteran missionary, Rev. W. P. Alexander, now resident at Wailuku, offered the constituting prayer after public assent had been given by the membership to the Confession, Covenant and Rules. Bros. Morris Beckwith and Amasa Pratt were chosen Deacons. Bros. George Beckwith and M. H. Baldwin, with the Pastor and Deacons, constitute a Standing Committee. Other persons are expected to unite with the church very soon. It is hoped that this concentration of Christian sympathies and Christian labors will result in marked and steadfast spiritual progress in this enterprising and prosperous community. There ought to be another church on Maui, for the residents of Wailuku and vicinity; and the foreign population on Kauai ought to be moving to secure a resident minister for that island. H.

☞ The annual meeting of the Sailors' Home Society took place on Monday the 30th of Dec. last, when the following gentlemen were elected Trustees for a term of three years: S N Castle, J H Paty, S B Dole, S G Wilder, J G Dickson, F A Schaefer. The Treasurer made the following report:

The Sailors' Home Society—In account with Chas. R. Bishop, Treasurer.

CREDIT.

Dec 26, 1877—By balance, cash on hand	3 31
April 18, 1878—By donation of I. Mora Moss	20 00
Aug 27, 1878—By 12 months rent to December 31, 1878, of Corner Office	100 00
	123 31

DEBIT.

Sept 20, 1878—To paid bill of Dunscombe for repairs, supplies, &c	63 78
Dec 30, 1878—To balance in bank of Bishop & Co	59 53
	123 31
Dec 30, 1878—By balance	59 53

Chas. R. Bishop,
E. & O. E. *Treasurer, H. S. H. S.*

Honolulu, December 30th, 1878.

Tuesday, Dec. 31, 5 p m.....Circuit of Hawaii
Friday, January 10, 5 p m.....Nawiliwili

Officers of the Trustees were elected as follows for the ensuing year: President, Hon S N Castle; Secretary, F A Schaefer; Treasurer, Hon Chas R Bishop; Executive Committee, S C Damon, E O Hall, E P Adams.

☞ We would acknowledge papers from he Purser of the *Australia* and H. A. Pierce, Esq. Also, papers for distribution from Castle family, Mrs. Gilman, and Dr. J. Mott Smith. From Mr. Hastings, Vice U. S. Consul, 3 Nos. export issue of *Scientific American.*

☞ Mr. Ho, one of the secretaries attached to the Chinese Legation at London, is engaged in translating Shakespeare into Chinese. He has also made considerable progress in a translation of Blackstone's "Commentaries" into the same language.

Census of Honolulu.

THE following table gives the result of the census of the population of the Honolulu district, which was taken in December last:

	Year 1872	Year 1878
Natives	11,210	9,272
Half-castes	1,013	1,301
Chinese	632	1,299
Hawaiian born of foreign parents	530	555
Americans	550	607
British	381	478
Germans*	150	139
French	46	39
Portuguese	222	256
Other foreigners	118	168
Total	14,852	14,114
Total decrease 6 years, 738.		
Increase half-castes in 6 years		288
Increase Chinese in 6 years		667
Increase Hawaiian born of foreign parents in 6 years		25
Increase Americans in 6 years		57
Increase British in 6 years		97
Increase Portuguese in 6 years		34
Increase other foreigners in 6 years		50
Decrease of natives in 6 years		1,938
Decrease Germans in 6 years		11
Decrease French in 6 years		7
Children under 6 years of age in 1878		1,629
Children under 6 years of age in 1872		1,564
Increase		65
Children between 6 and 15 years in 1872		2,225
Children between 6 and 15 years in 1878		2,137
Decrease		88

*A number of residents of German birth have returned themselves as Americans, having been naturalizend i America.

☞ We copy the following obituary notice from a late number of the *Advance.* The visit of Mrs. Bradley to the Islands a year or so since will be remembered by many of our Honolulu readers:

"Mrs. Mary C. Bradley, wife of Mr. William H. Bradley, Jr., died Friday night, Dec. 27, at 10:30, in Springfield, Mass. She was buried Monday afternoon, Dec. 30. She had been ill since the birth of her babe, in the early summer. At less than two months of age the baby died. Despairing of her recovery in Chicago, her friends took her, though very much of an invalid, by the Lakes, in company with her physician, to her mother's home in Springfield, Mass. There she slowly wasted away, through much suffering, until death came to her relief, and she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. She was a lady of great beauty and excellence of character. Calmly, confidently, joyfully, she welcomed the approach of death. Now she is among the glorified, and with her dear little babes, one of whom perished in the Ashtabula disaster. Hers was a rare character, perfected through suffering.

TEACHERS FOR WAILUKU.—We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Kinney as teachers for Wailuku. He is a son of the Rev. Mr. Kinney, formerly missionary at Waiohinu, Kau, Hawaii. They come under the auspices of the Board of Education.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Dec. 28—Buena Vista, 26 days from Port Townsend
30—Norman, 14 days from San Francisco
30—Monitor, 23 days from Eureka
30—Str City of Sydney, 6 d 22 h from San Francisco
31—Rosario, 15 days from San Francisco
Jan 2—Jos Woolley, 32 days from Bakers Island
2—Jos Perkins, 19 days from Port Townsend
3—Violet, 18 days from San Francisco
4—Am bktne J A Falkinburg, Hubbart, 17 days from Portland, O.
6—Am bk Adelaide Cooper, Emerson, from San Francisco via Kahului.
8—Am bk Lizzie Marshall, Dahlmann, 17 days from Port Blakeley.
8—Am bk Rainier, Wolfe, from Port Gamble.
8—Am bgtne T W Luacs, Wentworth, 17 days from Humboldt.
16—Amethyst, 19 days from San Francisco.
17—Raiatea Schr Vivid, 12 days from Fannings Is.
19—Haw steam tug Kapiolani, from San Francisco.
21—Am stmr City of New York, from Sydney.
23—Am bktne Eureka, 16 days from San Francisco.
28—Haw schr Luka, Fishal, 19 days from Port Townsend
29—Brit stmr Australia, Cargill, from San Francisco
30—Am schr American Girl, Backus, from Kahului

DEPARTURES.

Dec 28—Kalakaua, for San Francisco.
31—City of Sydney, for Sydney.
Jan 1—Elise, for San Francisco.
3—W H Meyer, for San Francisco.
6—Am schr C M Ward, Whitney, for cruise.
8—Am topsail schr Leo, Barker, for San Francisco.
10—Am bktne Monitor, Emerson, for Humboldt.
11—Am Bk H W Almy, for San Francisco.
11—Am Schr Josepa Woolley, for Guano Is.
13—Robert Emmert, for Tahiti.
15—Rosario, for San Francisco.
17—Am Bk Buena Vista, for Port Gamble.
18—Am bgtne T W Lucas, for Humboldt.
21—Am stmr City of New York, for San Francisco.
23—Raiatea schr Vivid, for Fanning's Island.
27—Bk Lizzie Marshall, Dahlmann, for Port Blakely
29—Brit stmr Australia, Cargill, for Sydney
29—Am bk Rainier, Wolfe, for Port Gamble
30—Am bk D C Murray, Frost, for San Francisco
30—Am bktne Fremont, Nickerson, for San Francisco

MEMORANDA.

REPORT OF BKTNE JOS PERKINS, JOHNSON, COMMANDER.—Sailed from Port Gamble Dec 13 via Port Townsend, Dec 14. First 8 days out had light variable winds and fine weather. Then got a gale of wind S E for 20 hours, thence to port moderate wind from E N E to S S E. Jan 1st at 5.30 p m, anchored outside the bar, 19 days passage.

REPORT FROM R BRIGGS, SUP'T OF BAKER'S ISLAND, Nov 26.—The bark Mary Goodell arrived at Baker's Island Sept 16th, and sailed Oct 7th with 950 tons guano for Cork, for orders. Bark Sonoma arrived Oct 6th, and came to the moorings the 7th, sailing Nov 7th with 1,550 tons guano. The ship Hamilton arrived here Nov 17th, and has on board 250 tons guano when the schooner leaves. The schooner Staghound of San Francisco touches here Nov 23d, en route for the Gilbert Group on a trading voyage.

Arrived at Victoria, B C, Dec 30, bk Wealthy Pendleton; hence Dec 5.

Arrived at Queenstown, Dec 30, ship Portland Lloyds; hence March 12 via Howlands Island.

Arrived at San Francisco, Dec 30, schr Mary Swan; hence Nov 27. Arr Jan 10, bktne W H Dietz; hence Dec 25. Arr Jan 11, bk Edward James; hence Dec 19. Arr Jan 11, bktne Discovery; hence Dec 25. Arr Jan 13, bktne Ella; hence Dec 11. Arr Jan 16, bk Kalakaua; hence Dec 28.

PASSENGERS.

FROM PORTLAND—Per Mattie Macleay, Dec 27—J R Winter, E A Buick.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per H W Almy, Dec 27—J McDade C Coleman, T Nelson, J Rothwell, J D Cook, Jas S Robertson, O Fredlander, E W Gude, J A Henney, J Hogan.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Kalakaua, Dec 28—Mr Lethaney, Mr Coleman.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of Sydney, Dec. 30—Miss S E Bradley, A Marques, W P Toler & wife, H H Corlies, C B Brannen, A H Hageman, M Hyman, H A Parmalee & wife, A C Standard, G W Percey, Miss L Irwin, W W Hall & wife, H P Van Cleeve & wife, Miss G Deitz, Mrs Wilber, & child, D Williams, M Whitney, and 81 in the Steerage, and 235 Chinese.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Elise, Dec 31—P Brown, J D Merritt.

FOR SYDNEY—Per City of Sydney, Dec 31—Dr and Mrs Wight, J A Inman.

FROM GUANO ISLANDS—Per Jos Woolley, Jan 2—S Gormley, Chas Glidden and 3 natives.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per H W Almy, Jan 3—Chas Glidden.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Violet, Jon 3—M Powors and 32 Chinese.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Violet, Jan 3—M Powers, and 32 Chinamen.

FROM PORTLAND—Per Jane A. Falkinberg, Jan 4—D. Foster. Miss H Foster, E C Lord, and Ah Young.

FROM PORT TOWNSEND—Per Lizzie Marshall, Jan 9—P Jorgensen.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Leo, Jan 9—W F Cummings.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per H. W. Almy, Jan. 11—J H Kearney.

FOR GUANO ISLANDS—Per Joseph Wooley, Jan. 11—H B Ryan, J Harris.

FOR TAHITI—Per Robert Emmett, Jan. 13—T Adams, A J Adams.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Amethyst, Jan. 17—W Bahm, A R Sullaway, J S Johnstone, B Cruise, P H Austin, I Carlton.

FROM FANNING'S ISLAND—Per Vivid, Jan 18—J T Arundel, A Pale, C Stillwell, C Lewis, and 21 natives.

FROM AUSTRALIA—Per City of New York, Jan 21—Miss E E Hines, E E Hedkes, J Stauffer, J McCormack, Mrs Kerr and child.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of New York, Jan 21—Mrs S T Ladd, K Hagen, Mr and Mrs Edelmann, Mrs H M Whitney, J D Ackermann, J. T. Arundel, A E Webb, R B Chave, Miss R Moses, J R Whitney, Miss S E Bradley, Gam Ring, Ung Ah Poun, R Seiler, J Leech, A Schmidt, E Schmidt, Chung Yon, F Moresey, Leung Hong, Lung Roa, W Bohm, M A Samuels, Ah Harn, T Sutton, T Mond.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Eureka, Jan 23—D McMellen and wife, W S Terry, Capt G Groper, F McCarty, T Crain, A D Frazier, G. Fritz, P Sullivan, A Weks, H Geneways.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Australia, Jan 29—Mrs S M Rogers, Miss S Boree, H Jones, G Abbot, W H Patten, M P Robinson and wife, Mrs H C Barnes, A W Lawrie, J R Houghton, A M Cameron, C H Woodward, J P Sisson, G T Switzer, S Trekett, P A Ames, C Bolte, G W Macfarlane, A Herbert, Franklin, H C Austin, C H Letman, F Haven, H A Kenney and wife, C A Gibson, Dr McGrew, daughter and son, W S Barnes, F Tillman, W Schmidt, Mrs S Hollander, two children and servant, W P Mason and wife, F W Merrill. A Houghton and son, Miss Wassmer, W Walters, W Pfluger, Mrs Cross, J W Kohler, 23 Europeans and 51 Chinamen in the steerage.

FOR SYDNEY—Per Australia, Jan 29—W Heine.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per D C Murray, Jan 30—F Booth, C Booth, Mrs Campbell and son, Mr Foster, Hattie Foster, G S Henshaw, J Wicks, W Cottin.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Fremont, Jan 30—S D Hiscon, H Fashel, P Hemes.

MARRIED.

SIT MOON—WONG KAM—In Canton, China, in Second Presbyterian Church, Nov. 19, 1878, by Rev. B. C. Henry, in accordance with the rules of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. SIT MOON, of Honolulu, to WONG KAM, of Canton.

HONEY—BORREE—In this city, at the residence of Mr Macauley, Jan 4th, 1879, by the Rev W Frear, Captain M HONEY, of Perth, Scotland, to Mrs THERESA BORREE, of Honolulu.

FRENCH—NORTON—In this city, January 15th, by Rev. Father Kockemann, Mr. ROBERT FRENCH to Miss SARAH NORTON, both of Honolulu. ☞ No Cards.

KELLETT—HUNTLEY—In New London, Conn., December 25, 1878, by the Rev. B. A. Woods, MR. JOHN KELLETT, formerly of Honolulu, to MISS LILIAN P. HUNTLEY, of New London.

GAY—ROWELL—At Waimea, Kauai, January 16th, by the Rev. G. B. Rowell, GEORGE F. GAY, Esq., to MISS MARION E. ROWELL, third daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DIED.

KISTLER—At Port Clinton, Ohio, Dec. 22, 1878, JOSEPH KISTLER, aged 75 years and 9 months. Deceased was the father of E. Kistler, of the firm of G. Segelken & Co., of this city.

SUNTER.—In Waiohinu, Kau, Hawaii, Dec 31st, 1878, ALBERT FRANCIS SUNTER, aged 13 months and 19 days.

"Go to thy rest, fair child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head."

FEARY—In this city, Jan 2, JEROME C, youngest son of Jerome and Sarah Feary, aged about 5 years.

WHITE.—In Honolulu, Jan 9th, of congestion of the lungs, JOHN CORBITT, infant son of J C and Martha J White, aged 3 years and 11 months.

CARTER—On the 13th Jan, of diphtheria, SAMUEL M, third son of Samuel M and Harriet Carter, aged 8 years and 4 months.

"He will gather the gems for his Kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own."

GILLILAND—At her residence, near Nuuanu avenue, Honolulu, on the 30th of January, MRS. ROSALIE J. GILLILAND, relict of the late Richard Gilliland, aged 49 years. Deceased was a daughter of the late John Coffin Jones, at one time American Consul at Honolulu, and a granddaughter of Francisco Paula de Marin, a Spanish gentleman, who arrived at Honolulu from Mexico early in the present century. Senor Marin was the introducer in these Islands of a number of valuable trees and plants, including the coffee, the mango, the tamarind and the grape vine.

Letter from Pitcairn's Island.

The reception of this letter has led us to re-read the journals of Beechey, who visited the island in 1825. Bennett, who followed in 1833, and several other volumes relating to the early and later history of the inhabitants—descendants of the mutineers—on this island. From our correspondence with the people upon Pitcairn's and Norfolk Islands for over thirty years, and the information of visitors and these numerous books, we can truly say, that their history appears more and more remarkable and worthy of study. Only two out of the sixteen guilty mutineers died a natural death. The conversion and earnest efforts of John Adams, in behalf of the rising generation, indicate wonderful Christian zeal and persistence in right doing. From all we can learn of the present condition of affairs on both islands, there are most hopeful signs of God's abiding presence among the people. The interests of education and true piety are carefully attended to, and appear to be crowned with God's blessing.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, Sept. 9, 1878

Dear and Rev. Friend:—By the arrival of H. B. M. S. Shah, and favor of the Admiral, who very kindly offered to forward any letters we may desire to send abroad, I now address a few lines to you.

After leaving Vancouver's Island he arrived at this place yesterday,—Sunday,—thirty days from San Francisco, on his way to Valparaiso. It was his intention to spend but a few hours with us, then proceed on his way; but having landed with nearly all his officers, he was prevailed on by us to extend his visit till to-day, providing the weather should be favorable. We had a large congregation on shore during morning service; the prayers were read by myself, and a discourse was delivered by the Chaplain, the Rev. Joseph Reed, on the subject of Christ Crucified. The service being over the Admiral, with his retinue of officers, left us and went on board.

It is now nearly a year ago since we have heard from Mr. John Buffett, on Norfolk Island, and he wishes to be again with us. I wrote to my brother at Norfolk to help provide him a passage, should he carry his plan into execution. There is a gentleman in San Francisco who wrote me, stating that if Mr. Buffett would find his way to San Francisco, he would provide for him while there and procure him a passage to this place. If he should undertake the voyage, he will go by way of Honolulu, thence to San Francisco.

Our community now numbers ninety persons, forty-one males and forty-nine females. We have still the old woman with us, of whom we had communicated with you some time ago, the first that was born on the island after the mutineers landed. She is still strong and hearty for her age, but her memory now appears to be failing her very fast.

There are thirty-four children who attend school, of this number the females exceeded in learning as well as in number.

It is our custom to meet together for social prayer and for the extension of our Redeemer's Kingdom, on the first Friday of every month; it does not include all the members of our community, but it is daily gaining ground, extending to some of the younger class of the community.

The members each choose a subject on which he speaks verbally, or commit his thoughts to writing. Thinking you may desire it, I send you a few copies of those who have written their thoughts; I have endeavored to have the writers compress their thoughts on a single leaf of letter paper, so that they may be entitled leaflets; but there are some which are extended much longer than is expected. I have given some of them to Mr. Reed, who was very much pleased with them. They are simply worded, which is much the better for comprehending them. Some have the signature of the writer's name stitched to them, whereas others do not desire to give their names. You can see at once the writers are females; the men spoke their thoughts verbally.

I would have enclosed a copy of my daughter Rosalind's poems, but we have but one copy of them on the island, in Mrs. Young's possession, which she would not wish to part with. They can be had from San Francisco, as they were first printed there two years ago.

Mr. James Russell McCoy is now Chief Magistrate of the island, and as far as he has acted, I think he is a fit man for the place.

I will now conclude this letter by desiring you to remember us in your approaches to the throne of grace, that we may be steadfast, and grow in the knowledge, love, and fear of God.

I remain, yours affectionately, in the bonds of Christian love,

SIMON YOUNG.

HARD TIMES IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Why should it not be so? The inhabitants of that city, 300,000, supporting about 8,000 rum shops! This statement is made by Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who lately visited the State of California. Add to the support of these liquor saloons, the ruinous effects of gambling in stocks, and all other demoralizing practices of that city,—causes of "hard times" are quite manifest.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOCIALISM: By Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, D. D. Randolph & Co., New York, 1879.

When the political atmosphere of Europe and America is so full of the noxious fumes of Communism, Socialism, and Nihilism, it is most hopeful to read a discussion of the general subject by a Theological Professor. This class of writers have not hitherto enjoyed the credit of coming to the front and discussing questions of vital interest to the well-being of society, as affected by the agitations of such questions as communism and socialism, capital and labor. This volume and numerous articles in the recent numbers of the Princeton Review, by learned Professors in Europe and America, indicate a most hopeful future among the leading scholars and thinkers of the age. The crisis demands men who can give a right direction to the minds of the people, hence this volume is most opportune, and furnishes wholesome material for popular thought.

Dr. Hitchcock's numerous citations show that he has given the subject a thorough investigation, as it relates to the past, present and future, in both Europe and America. He discusses the subject under these four headings:

1. Communism in General.
2. Communistic Socialism.
3. Anti-Communistic Socialism.
4. Christian Socialism.

While the writer would make short work with those disturbers of society "in Paris, seven years ago, in Pittsburg last year, in Berlin this year," yet he manifests a deep and profound sympathy for the great and increasing numbers who are dependent for their "daily bread" upon the proprietors and owners of large manufacturing establishments. The struggle is coming, or rather has come, between "capital and labor." Dr. Hitchcock, Rev. Joseph Cook, (in his present course of lectures in Boston) and other writers, are awake and aroused. While inculcating obedience to law among the "toiling millions," the possessors of the "golden millions" will not be allowed to retire to their counting-rooms and country residences, taking shelter under the plea, that "corporations have no souls." Writers and Lecturers of this stamp are now needed to "tone up" society and imprison Glasgow and Fall River Corporators and Bank Defaulters. Read Dr. Hitchcock's fourth chapter on "Christian Socialism," and Rev. Joseph Cook's Lecture, "Mrs. Browning's Cry of the Children."

We have taken much pleasure in perusing this volume, written by our old college classmate and correspondent, Prof. Hitchcock. More than forty years ago we sat together in the lecture rooms of Amherst College, and a reference to the catalogues of that institution will show that we had as our associates not a few who have since taken an active part in the religious and political affairs of the world. We recall the names of Beecher and Storrs of Brooklyn; Ex-Governor Bullock of Worcester and E. H. Kellogg of Pittsfield, Mass., (the latter was the American Commissioner on the Fishery Question;) the Rev. Dr. Robinson of Louisville, Kt., the Rev. Dr. Palmer of New Orleans, Bishop Huntington of New York, and many others.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To the Planters and Foreign Residents.

Chinese Church Building Fund.

VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SOLICITED in aid of Christian Chinese to purchase land and build a Church in Honolulu to worship Almighty God in their own language. The call for a Church comes from themselves.

Pledges are invited, to be paid on or before the 10th of January, 1880, which will be received by Mr. Joseph B. Atherton, the Treasurer, Mr. Gookim, or Mr. Aseu.

Funds can also be remitted to Bishop & Co., Bankers, for account of Chinese Church Building Fund.

JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE.

January 1st, 1879. d28 6m

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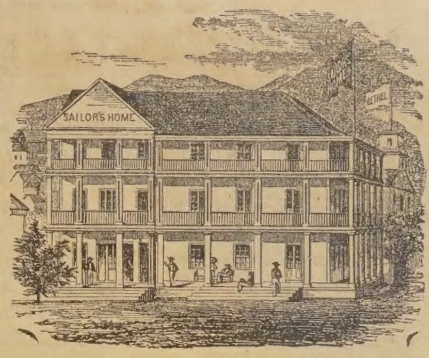

ED. DUNSCOMBE,
Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Intemperance.

This is a confessed evil, existing in a greater or less degree in every community. The punishments of the law are directed against drunkenness in public, on the theory that such sights are debasing and repulsive to the community at large. Drunkenness in private is not punishable by our law. A statute passed by the Legislature of 1872, "to make all persons retailing spirituous and intoxicating liquors liable in damages for injuries done or received by those becoming intoxicated on such liquors, and as the result of such intoxication," has never been resorted to by any suitor, though the occasion has undoubtedly often arisen.

The statistics of the Custom House show that large quantities of cheap liquor are imported here, far in excess of the presumable consumption of the white portion of our population. The Chinese are large purchasers, but the public have but little evidence that they are large consumers, for drunkenness is rare among them.

Where does the liquor go to? The inference is frequently made that it must be illicitly sold by the Chinese to natives. But drunkenness is not especially rife among our natives, except in the district of Kau, Hawaii, where, it is supposed, liquor illicitly distilled is mainly drank.

But though there is no apparent outbreak of public drunkenness, enough has been developed of late to cause the thoughtful to ask what can be done to lessen or suppress intemperance.

This is a practical question. Do the organizations of societies accomplish much good? The securing of signatures to pledges of total abstinence by those who are by the habit of their lives total abstainers accomplishes but little, nor do temperance meetings attended only by those who are temperate secure the end aimed at.

Personal example is always powerful. We believe this has done great good in our community, and will continue to do good. Social drinking is not so common in good society in Honolulu as it once was, and bar drinking is less respectable here than ever. But mere silent example is not sufficient. Let the Christian decline to deal in intoxicants as an article of traffic: let him forbid its presence at his table; and let him, above all, speak a kind word of remonstrance against its use to all who may seem to be inclining that way. We do not intend to discuss here the question whether a moderate use of wine and ale, etc., can be defended ethically or religiously. One thing we are sure of, that the best and safest course for the individual and his neighbors is not to try and see how near he can walk to the line of total abstinence and yet indulge moderately, but to "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

☞ The number of strange faces among us, so many being of young men, suggests the question, What is the Y. M. C. A. of Honolulu doing for them? Does every member of this Association do what he can towards lending these new comers a helping hand? Many of these strangers are young men of good character and education—they are not all "tramps" and "vagabonds." Let us do what we can for them in the way of friendly counsel and directions as to where labor may be obtained.

King Mtesa's Address.

The following are the remarks of Mtesa, the Emperor of the Uganda country in Equatorial Africa, on his embracing Christianity, which we quote from H. M. Stanley's "Across the Dark Continent":

"Mtesa said, with a smile, "Now, God be thanked, a white man, 'Stamlee,' has come to Uganda with a book older than the Koran of Mohammed, and Stamlee says that Mohammed was a liar, and much of his book taken from this; and this boy and Idi have read to me all that Stamlee has read to them from this book, and I find that it is a great deal better than the book of Mohammed; besides, it is the first and oldest book. The prophet Moses wrote some of it a long, long time before Mohammed was even heard of, and the book was finished long before Mohammed was born. As Kintu, our first king, was a long time before me, so Moses was before Mohammed. Now I want you, my chiefs and soldiers, to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in Isa (Jesus) and Musa (Moses) or in Mohammed?" Chambarango replied, "Let us take that which is the best." The Katekiro said, "We know not which is the best. The Arabs say their book is the best, and the white men say their book is the best. How then can we know which speaks the truth?" Kauta, the imperial steward, said, "When Mtesa became a son of Islam, he taught me wrong; having got more knowledge, he can now teach me right. I am waiting to hear his words." Mtesa smiled and said, "Kauta speaks well. If I taught him how to become a Muslim, I did it because I believed it to be good. Chambarango says, 'Let us take that which is best.' True, I want that which is the best, and I want the true book; but Katekiro asks, 'How are we to know which is true?' and I will answer him. Listen to me: The Arabs and the white men behave exactly as they are taught by their books, do they not? The Arabs come here for ivory and slaves, and we have seen that they do not always speak the truth, and that they buy men of their own color and treat them badly, putting them in chains and beating them. The white men, when offered slaves, refuse them, saying, 'Shall we make our brothers slaves? No; we are all sons of God!' I have not heard a white man tell a lie yet. Speke came here, behaved well, and went his way home with his brother Grant. They bought no slaves, and the time they were in Uganda they were very good. Stamlee came here, and he would take no slaves. Abdul Aziz Bey (M. Linant Bellefonds) has been here, and is gone, and he took no slaves. What Arab would have refused slaves like these white men? Though we deal in slaves, it is no reason why it should not be bad; and when I think that the white men are greatly superior to the Arabs, and I think therefore that their book must be a better book than Mohammed's, and of all that Stamlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe. The book begins from the very beginning of this world; tells us how it was made, and in how many days; gives us the words of God Himself, and of Moses and the prophet Solomon, and Jesus, the son of Mary. I have listened to it all well pleased, and now I ask you, Shall we accept this book or Mohammed's book as our guide?"

To which question, no doubt seeing the evident bent of Mtesa's own mind, they all replied, "We will take the white man's book;" and at hearing their answer a manifest glow of pleasure lighted up the Emperor's face.

In this manner Mtesa renounced Islamism and professed himself a convert to the Christian faith, and he now announced his determination to adhere to his new religion, to build a church, and to do all in his power to promote the propagation of Christian sentiments among his people, and to conform to the best of his ability to the holy precepts contained in the Bible. I, on the other hand, proud of my convert, with whom I had diligently labored during three months, promised that, since Dallington wished it, I would release him from my service, that he might assist to confirm him in his new faith, that he might read the Bible for him and perform the service of a Bible reader until the good people of Europe should send a priest to baptize him and teach him the duties of the Christian religion. "Stamlee," said Mtesa to me as we parted, nearly two months after the massacre of the peace party, "say to the white people, when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live."